FABLES
AND
TALES.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

Important Truths ſtill let your Fables hold,
And moral Myſteries with Art unfold,
As Veils tranſparent cover, but not hide;
Such Metaphors appear, when right apply'd.

Ld. LANSDOWNE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME *of the following are taken from Meſſieurs* Fontaine *and* La Motte, *whom I have endeavoured to make ſpeak* Scots *with as much Eaſe as I can; at the ſame Time aiming at the Spirit of theſe eminent Authors, without being too ſervile a* Tranſlator. *If my manner of expreſſing a Deſign already invented have any Particularity that is agreeable, good Judges will allow ſuch Imitations to be* Originals, *form'd upon the* Idea *of another. Others who drudge at the dull* verbatim, *are like timorous Attendants, who dare not move one Pace without their Maſter's Leave, and are never from their Back but when they are not able to come up with them.*

Thoſe, amongſt them which are my own Invention, with Reſpect to the Plot, *as well as the* Numbers, *I leave the Reader to find out; or if he think it worth his while to ask me, I ſhall tell him.*

If this Collection *prove acceptable, as I hope it will, I know not how far the Love I have for this manner of Writing may engage me to be divertingly uſefull.* Inſtruction *in ſuch a Dreſs is fitted for every Palate, and ſtrongly imprints a good Moral up-*

on the Mind. When I think on the Clock *and the* Dial, *I'm never upon the Bluſh, altho' I ſhould ſit in Company ten Minutes without ſpeaking. The Thoughts of the* Fox *and* Rat *has hinder'd me ſometimes from diſobliging a Perſon I did not much value. The wiſe* Lizard *makes me content with low Life. The Judgment of* Minos *gives me a Diſguſt at Avarice, and* Jupiter's *Lottery helps to keep me humble; tho' I own it has e'en enough ado wi't, &c.*

A Man who has his Mind furniſhed with ſuch a Stock of good Senſe, as may be had from theſe excellent Fables, *which has been approved of by Ages, is Proof againſt the Inſults of all thoſe miſtaken Notions which ſo much harraſs humane Life: And what is Life without Serenity of Mind?*

How much of a Philoſopher *is this ſame moral* Muſe *like to make of me! But (ſays one)* Ay, ay, you're a canny Lad, ye want to make the other Peny by her, - - - - *Poſitively I dare not altogether deny this, no more than if I were a* Clergyman *or* Phyſician; *and altho' all of us love to be ſerviceable to the World, even for the ſake of bare naked Virtue, yet Approbation and Encouragement make our Diligence ſtill more delightfull.*

Fables and Tales,

BOOK I.

To ——————

The fine Lady and the Looking-Glass.

FABLE I.

M. N. P.

FRAID to place ſo great a Name
To Lays yet of a dubious Fame,
I therefore ceaſe to draw the Skreen,
Leſt they ſhould prove a poor Propine.
I view you like a tim'rous Lover,
Who hardly dare his Mind diſcover;
But if I chance to make you ſmile,
And think my Off'ring worth your While,

I'll

I'll frankly to my Patron bow,
And hug my ſell if roos'd by you.
Firſt then, as PROLOGUE to the reſt,
This Leſſon comes in Fiction dreſt,
To ſhaw the Ill of *fleetching Fools*,
And Good of *Truth* and *Wiſdom*'s Schools.

A NYMPH with ilka Beauty grac'd
Ae Morning by her Toilet plac'd,
Where the leal hearted *Looking-Glaſs*
With *Truths* addreſt the lovely *Laſs*; ----
To do ye Juſtice, heavenly Fair,
Amaiſt in Charms ye may compare
With VENUS ſell, ----- But mind *amaiſt*,
For tho you're happily poſſeſt
Of ilka Grace which claims Reſpect,
Yet I ſee Faults ye ſhould correct;
I own they only Trifles are,
Yet of Importance to the Fair.
What ſignifies that Patch o'er braid,
With which your roſie Cheek's o'erlaid?
Your natural Beauties you beguile
By that too much affected Smile;

Saften that Look, —— Move ay with Eaſe,
And you can never fail to pleaſe.

THOSE kind Advices ſhe approv'd,
And mair her Monitor ſhe lov'd;
Till in came Viſitants a Threave,
To entertain them ſhe maun leave
Her *Looking-Glaſs*, —— They fleetching praiſe
Her Looks, —— Her Dreſs, —— And a', ſhe ſays,
Be't right or wrang, She's hale complete,
And fails in naithing fair or ſweet:
Sae much was ſaid, the *bonny Laſs*
Forgat her faithfu' *Looking-Glaſs*.

MAY'T pleaſe —— The Beautie's *yours*,
The *Mirror* is, Ane *good* and *wiſe*,
Wha by his Counſels juſt can ſhew
How Princes may to Greatneſs riſe.
God bleſs the Wark, —— If you're oppreſt
By Paraſites with fauſe Deſign
Then will ſic faithfu' *Mirrors* beſt
Theſe Underplotters countermine.

JUPITER's *Lottery.*

FABLE II.

ANes Jove by ae great Act of Grace
Wad gratify his humane Race,
And order'd Hermes in his Name
With Tout of Trumpet to proclaim
A Royal Lott'ry frae the Skies,
Where ilka Ticket was a Prize.
Nor was there Need for *Ten per Cent,*
To pay Advance for Money lent:
Nor Brokers nor Stockjobbers here
Were thol'd to cheat Fowk of their Gear:
The first Rate Benefits were *Health,*
Pleasures, Honours, Empire and *Wealth,*
But happy he to whom wad fa'
Wisdom, the highest Prize of a';
Hopes of attaining Things, the best,
Made up the maist Feck of the rest:

Now ilka Ticket ſald with Eaſe,
At Altars for a Sacrifice;
JOVE a' receiv'd, Ky, Gates, and Ews,
Muir-Cocks, Lambs, Dows, or Bawbie-Rows;
Nor wad debar e'en a poor Droll
Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his Parol.
Sae kind was he no to exclude
Poor Wights for Want of Wealth or Blood;
Even whiles the Gods, as Record tells,
Bought ſeveral Tickets for themſells.
When Fou and Lots put in the Wheel,
Aft were they turn'd to mix them well;
Blind Chance to draw JOVE order'd ſyne,
That nane with Reaſon might repine:
He drew, and MERCURY was Clark,
The Number, Prize, and Name to mark.
Now *Hopes* by Millions faſt came forth,
But ſeldom Prizes of mair Worth,
Sic as Dominion, Wealth and State,
True Friends and Lovers fortunate.
Wiſdom, at laſt, the greateſt Prize
Comes up, ---- Aloud *Clark* HERMES crys ------

Number *Ten thouſand*, ----- Come lets ſee
The Perſon bleſt. ---- Quoth PALLAS, *ME* -----
Then a' the Gods for Blythneſs ſang,
Throw Heaven glad Acclamations rang;
While Mankind grumbling laid the wyte
On them, and ca'd the hail a Byte.
Yes! Cry'd ilk an, with ſobing Heart,
Kind JOVE has play'd a Parents Part,
Wha did this Prize to PALLAS ſend,
While we're ſneg'd off at the Wob End.

SOON to their Clamours JOVE took tent,
To puniſh which to wark he went,
He ſtraight with *Follies* fill'd the Wheel,
In *Wiſdom*'s Place they did as well,
For ilka ane wha *Folly* drew,
In their Conceit a' *Sages* grew,
Sae thus contented a' retir'd,
And ilka Fool himſelf admir'd.

The Clock and Dial.

FABLE III.

AE Day a Knock wad brag a Dial,
And put his Qualities to Trial,
Addreſt him thus, *My Neighbour, pray,*
Canſt tell me what's the Time of Day.
The Dial ſaid, I dinna ken. -----
Alake! What ſtand ye there for then? -----
I wait here till the Sun ſhines bright,
For nought I ken but by his Light, -----
Wait on, quoth Knock, *I ſcorn his Help,*
Baith Night and Day my lane I ſcelp,
Wind up my Weights but anes a Week,
Without him I can gang and ſpeak;
Nor like an uſeleſs Sumph I ſtand,
But conſtantly wheel round my Hand,
Hark, hark, I ſtrike juſt now the Hour,
And I am right, Ane, Twa, Three, Four.

WHILE thus the Clock was boaſting loud,
The bleezing Sun brake throw a Cloud,

The Dial, faithfu' to his Guide,
Spake Truth, and laid the Thumpers Pride.
Ye ſee, ſaid he, I've dung ye fair,
'Tis Four Hours and Three Quarters mair;
My Bairn, he added, count again,
And learn a wee to be leſs vain,
Nor brag of your *exempt're Cant*,
That you an Anſwer never want;
For you're no ay to be believ'd,
Wha truſts to you may be deceiv'd.
Be counſel'd to behave like me,
For when I dinna clearly ſee,
I always own I dinna ken,
And that's the Way of wiſeſt Men.

The Miſer and Minos.

FABLE IV.

SHORT ſyne there was a wretched Miſer,
With pinch'ing had ſcrap'd up a Treaſure,
Yet frae his Hoords he doughtna take,
As much wou'd buy a Mutton Stake.

Or

Or take a Glaſs to comfort Nature,
But ſcrimply fed on Crumbs and Water;
In ſhort he famiſh'd midſt his Pleney,
Which made ſurviving Kindred canny,
Wha ſcarcely for him put on Black,
And only in his Loof a Plack,
Which even they grudg'd; ſic is the Way
Of them that fa' upon the Prey,
They'll ſcarce row up the Wretch's Feet,
Sae ſcrimp they make his Winding-ſheet,
Tho' he ſhou'd leave a vaſt Eſtate,
And Heaps of Gowd like *Arthur*'s Seat.

WELL down the ſtarving Ghaiſt did ſink,
Till it fell on the *Stygian* Brink,
Where auld *Van Charon* ſtood and raught
His wither'd Loof out for his Fraught,
But them that wanted wherewitha',
He dang them back to ſtand and blaw;
The *Miſer* lang being us'd to ſave,
Fand this, and wadnae Paſſage crave,
But ſhaw'd the *Ferry-man* a Knack,
Jumpt in—— ſwam o'er—— and hain'd his Plack.

Charon

Charon might damn and ſink and rore,
But a' in vain---- he gaind the Shore;----
Arriv'd---- the three Pow'd *Dog* of Hell
Gowl'd terrible a treeple Yell,
Which rouz'd the ſnaky *Siſters three*,
Wha furious on this Wight did flie,
Wha'd play'd the Smugler on their Coaſt,
By which *Pluto* his Dues had loſt;
Then brought him for this Trick ſae hainous
Afore the Bench of Juſtice *Minos*.

The Caſe was new, and very kittle,
Which puzzl'd a' the Court nae little;
Thought after Thought with unco' Speed
Flew round within the Judge's Head,
To find what Puniſhment was due
For ſic a daring Crime and new:
Shou'd he the Plague of *Tantal* feel,
Or ſtented be on *Ixion*'s Wheel,
Or ſtung wi' bauld *Prometheus*' Pain,
Or help *Syſiph* to row his Stane,
Or ſent amang the wicked Rout,
To fill the Tub that ay rins out.

No,

No, no, continues *Minos*, no,
Weak are our Puniſhments below
For ſic a Crime---- he maun be hurl'd
Straight back again into the World:
I ſentence him to ſee and hear
What Uſe his Friends make of his Gear.

The Ape and the Leopard.

FABLE V.

THE *Ape* and *Leopard*, Beaſts for Show,
The firſt a Wit, the laſt a Beau,
To make a Peny at a Fair,
Advertis'd a' their Parts ſae rare.
The tane gae out with mikle Wind,
His Beauty 'boon the brutal Kind,
Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,
Even Kings are pleas'd when I appear;
And when I yield my vital Puf,
Queens of my Skin will make a Muff,
My Fur ſae delicate and fine,
With various Spots does ſleekly ſhine.----

Now

Now Lads and Laſſes faſt did rin
To ſee the Beaſt with bonny Skin,
His Keeper ſhaw'd him round about,
They ſaw him ſoon, and ſoon came out:

But Maſter *Monky* with an Air
Hapt out, and thus harrangu'd the Fair;
Come Gentlemen and Ladies bonny,
I'll give ye Paſtime for your Money;
I can perform to raiſe your Wonder
Of pawky Tricks mae than a hunder:
My Couſin *Spottie* true he's braw,
He has a curious Suit to ſhaw,
And naithing mair---- But frae my Mind
Ye ſhall blyth Satisfaction find:
Sometimes I'll act a Chiel that's dull,
Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my Scull;
Then mimick a light-headed Rake,
When on a Tow my Houghs I ſhake.
Sometime like modern Monks, I'll ſeem
To make a Speech, and naithing mean;

But come away ye needna ſpeer,
What ye're to pay, I'ſe no be dear;
And if ye grudge for want of Sport,
I'll doce't back t'ye at the Port.
The *Ape* ſucceeded, in Fowk went ----
Stay'd long ----- and came out well content.
Sae much will Wit and Spirit pleaſe,
Beyond our Shape and braweſt Claiths:
How mony, Ah! of our fine Gallants
Are only Leopard in their Talents.

The Aſs and Brock.

FABLE VI.

UPON a Time a ſolemn *Aſs*
Was dand'ring throu' a narrow Paſs,
Where he forgether'd with a *Brock*,
Wha him ſaluted frae a Rock,
Speer'd how he did---- how Markets gade----
What's a' ye'r News----- and how is Trade----
How does *Jock Stot* and Lucky *Tad*,
Tam Toop, and *Bucky*, honeſt Lad?

Reply'd the *Aſs*, and made a Heel,
E'en a' the better that ye're weel.
But *Jackanapes* and ſnarling *Fitty*
Are grown ſae wicked, ſome ca's't witty,
That we wha ſolid are and grave,
Nae Peace on our ain Howms can have,
While we are biſy gathering Gear
Upon a Brae, they'll ſit and ſneer.
If ane ſhou'd chance to breath behin',
Or ha'e ſome Slaver at his Chin,
Or 'gainſt a Tree ſhou'd rub his A-----,
That's ſubject for a winſome *Farce*,
There draw they *me*, as void of thinking,
And *you*, my Dear, famous for ſtinking;
And the bauld birſy *Bair* your Frien',
A' Glutton dirty to the Een,
By laughing *Dogs* and *Apes* abus'd,
Wha is't can thole to be ſae us'd!

DEAR me! hch! wow!---- and ſay ye ſae----
Return'd the *Brock*---- I'm unko wae
To ſee this Flood of Wit break in,
O ſcour about, and ca't a Sin;

Stout

Stout are your Lungs, your Voice is loud,
And ought will paſs upon the Crowd.

The *Aſs* thought this Advice was right,
And bang'd away with a' his Might,
Stood on a Know amang the Cattle,
And furiouſly 'gainſt Wit did rattle;
Pour'd out a Deluge of dull Phraſes,
While *Dogs* and *Apes* leugh, and made Faces:
Thus a' the angry *Aſs* held forth
Serv'd only to augment their Mirth.
Gueſs ye the *Moral*, I'ſe no tell it,
Wha has a Noſe will quickly ſmell it.

The Fox and Rat.

FABLE VII.

The *Lyon* and the *Tyger* lang maintain'd
A bloody Weir —— at laſt the *Lyon* gain'd.
The Royal Victor ſtrak the Earth with Aw,
And the four-footed World obey'd his Law;
Frae ilka Species *Deputies* were ſent
To pay their Homage due, and compliment

Their Sovereign *Liege*, wha'd gart the Rebels cour,
And own his Royal Right and Princely Pow'r;
After Diſpute, the monieſt Votes agree
That *Reynard* ſhould addreſs his Majeſty,
Ulyſſes like, in Name of a' the lave,
Wha thus went on —— O *Prince*, allow thy Slave
To rooſe thy brave Atchievments and Renown,
Nane but thy daring Front ſhou'd wear the Crown,
Wha art like JOVE, whoſe Thunder-bowt can make
The Heavens be huſh, and a' the Earth to ſhake,
Whaſe very Gloom, if he but angry nods,
Commands a Peace, and flegs the inferior Gods:
Thus thou great King haſt by thy conquering Paw
Gi'en Earth a Shog, and made thy Will a Law;
Thee a' the Animals with Fear adore,
And tremble if thou with Diſpleaſure rore.
O'er a' thou canſt us eith thy Scepter ſway,
As *Badrans* can with cheeping *Rottans* play.

THIS Sentence vex'd the Envoy *Rottan* ſair,
He threw his Gab and girn'd, but durſt nae mair.
The *Monarch* pleas'd with *Lazyrie* wha durſt gloom,
A Warrant's order'd for a good round Sum,

Which

Which *Dragon* Lord Chief Treaſurer muſt pay
To ſly tongu'd *Fleechy* on a certain Day;
Which Secretary *Ape* in Form wrote down,
Sign'd *Lyon*, and a wee beneath, *Baboon*.
'Tis given the *Fox*, —— Now *Bobtail* tap o' Kin
Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bind,
He dreams of nought but Pleaſure, Joy, and Peace:
Now bleſt with Wealth, to purchaſe Hens and Geeſe,
Yet in his Loof he hadna teld the Gowd,
And yet the *Rottan*'s Breaſt with Anger glow'd,
He vow'd Revenge, and watch'd it Night and Day,
He took the Tid when *Lowry* was away,
And throw a Hole into his Cloſet ſlips,
There chews the Warrant a' in little Nips:
Thus what the *Fox* had for his Flatt'ry gotten
E'en frae a *Lyon* was made nought by an offended *Rottan*.

The Caterpillar and the Ant.

FABLE VIII.

A Penſy *Ant* right trig and clean
Came ae Day whiding o'er the Green,

Where

Where to advance her Pride ſhe ſaw
A *Caterpillar* moving ſlaw,
Good-E'en t'ye Mrs. *Ant* ſaid he,
How's a' at Hame, I'm blyth to s'ye ——;
The ſawcy *Ant* viewd him with Scorn,
Nor wad Civilities return,
But gecking up her Head, quoth ſhe,
Poor Animal, I pity thee
Wha ſcarce canſt claim to be a Creature,
But ſome Experiment of Nature,
Whaſe ſilly Shape diſpleas'd her Eye,
And thus unfiniſh'd was flung by.
For me, I'm made with better Grace,
With active Limbs, and lively Face;
And cleverly can move with Eaſe
Frae Place to Place where e'er I pleaſe:
Can foot a Minuet or Jig,
And ſnoov't like ony Whirly-Geg,
Which gars my Jo aft grip my Hand
'Till his Heart pitty-pattys, and ——
But laigh my Qualities I bring,
To ſtand up claſhing with a *Thing*,

A *creeping Thing* the like of Thee,
Not worthy of a Farewell t'ye.
The airy *Ant* ſyne turn'd awa,
And left him with a proud Gaffa,
The *Caterpillar* was ſtruck dumb,
And never anſwer'd her a Mum;
The humble *Reptile* fand ſome Pain
Thus to be banter'd with Diſdain.

But tent neiſt Time the *Ant* came by,
The *Worm* was grown a *Butterfly*,
Tranſparent were his Wings and fair
Which bare him flightering throw the Air,
Upon a Flower he ſtapt his Flight,
And thinking on his former Slight,
Thus to the *Ant* himſell addreſt,
Pray, Madam, will ye pleaſe to reſt,
And notice what I now adviſe
Inferiors ne'er too much deſpiſe,
For Fortune may gi'e ſic a Turn,
To raiſe aboon ye what ye ſcorn;
For Inſtance, now I ſpread my Wing,
In Air, while you're a *creeping Thing*.

The twa Cats and the Cheeſe.

FABLE IX.

TWv *Cats* anes on a *Cheeſe* did light,
To which baith had an equal Right,
But Diſputes, ſic as aft ariſe,
Fell out at ſharing of the Prize;
Fair Play ſaid ane, Ye bite o'er thick
Thae Teeth of yours gang wonder quick:
Let's part it, elſe lang or the Moon
Be chang'd, the *Kebuck* will be done.
But wha's to do't, ------ They're Parties baith,
And ane may do the other Skaith,
Sae with Conſent away they trudge,
And laid the *Cheeſe* before a Judge,
A *Monkey* with a campſho Face,
Clerk to a Juſtice of the Peace,
A Judge he ſeem'd in Juſtice ſkill'd,
When he his Maſter's Chair fill'd;
Now Umpire choſen for Diviſion,
Baith ſware to ſtand by his Deciſion.

Demure

Demure he looks. ----- The *Cheeſe* he pales. ----
He prives it good; ------ Ca's for the Scales,
His Knife whops throw't, ----- In twa it fell,
He puts ilk Haff in either Shell;
Said he, We'll truly weigh the Caſe,
And ſtrickeſt Juſtice ſhall have Place,
Then lifting up the Scales, he fand
The tane bang up, the ither ſtand;
Syne out he took the heavieſt Haff,
And ate a Knooſt o't quickly aff,
And try'd it ſyne, ----- It now prov'd light,
Friend Cats, ſaid he, We'll do ye right.
Then to the ither Haff he fell,
And laid till't teughly Tooth and Nail,
Till weigh'd again it lighteſt prov'd:
The Judge wha this ſweet Proceſs lov'd,
Still weigh'd the Caſe, and ſtill ate on,
Till Clients baith were weary grown,
And tenting how the Matter went,
Cry'd, Come, come Sir, We're baith content,
Ye Fools, quoth he, and *Juſtice* too
Maun be content as well as you.

Thus grumbled *they*, thus *he* went on,
Till baith the Haves were near hand done;
Poor *Pouſies* now the Daffine ſaw
Of gawn for Nignyes to the Law:
And bill'd the Judge that he wad pleaſe
To give them the remaining Cheeſe:
To which his Worſhip grave reply'd,
The Dues of Court maun firſt be paid.
Now Juſtice pleas'd, ----What's to the Fore
Will but right ſcrimply clear your Score;
That's our Decreet, ----Gae Hame and Sleep,
And thank us ye're win aff ſae cheap.

The Chamaeleon.

FABLE X.

TWA Travellers as they were wa'king,
'Bout the *Chamaeleon* fell a ta'king
(Sic think it ſhaws them metl'd Men
To ſay I've ſeen and ought to ken)
Says ane, 'tis a ſtrange Beaſt indeed,
Four footed, with a Fiſh's Head,

A little Bowk with a lang Tail,
And moves far ſlawer than a Snail;
Of Colour like a Blawart Blue, ----
Reply'd his Nibour, *That's no true,*
For well I wat his Colour's Green,
If ane may trow his ain twa Een,
For I in Sun-ſhine ſaw him fair,
When he was dining on the Air. -----
Excuſe me, ſays the ither Blade,
I ſaw him better in the Shade,
And he is Blue. ---- *He's Green I'm ſure.* -----
Ye lied. ---- *And ye're the Son of a Whore.* ----
Frae Words there had been Cuff and Kick
Had not a Third come in the Nick,
Wha tenting them in this rough Mood
Cry'd, Gentlemen, What, are ye Wood?
What's ye'r Quarrell, and't may be ſpeer't,
Truth, ſays the tane, Sir, ye ſhall hear't;
The *Chamaeleon*, I ſay, he's Blue,
He threaps he's Green, ---- Now, What ſay you?
Ne'er faſh ye'r ſells about the Matter,
Says the ſagacious Arbitrator,

He's Black ----- Sae nane of you are right,
I view'd him well with Candle-light,
And have it in my Pocket here,
Row'd in my Napkin hale and feer.
Fy! Said ae Cangler, *What d'ye mean?*
I'll lay my Lugs on't that he's Green.
Said th' ither, were I gawn to Death,
I'd ſwear he's Blue with my laſt Breath.
He's Black the Judge maintain'd ay ſtout,
And to convince them whop'd him out;
But to Surpriſe of ane and a'
The *Animal* was White as Snaw,
And thus reprov'd them, " Shallow Boys,
" Away, away, make nae mair Noiſe,
" Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right,
" But learn to own your Nibours Sight
" As good as yours. ----- Your Judgment ſpeak,
" But never be ſae daftly weak
" T' imagine ithers will by Force
" Submit their Sentiments to yours;
" As Things in various Lights ye ſee,
" They'll ilka ane reſemble me.

The twa Lizards.

FABLE XI.

BENEATH a Tree, ae ſhining Day,
On a Burn-bank twa *Lizards* lay
Beeking themſells now in the Beams,
Then drinking of the cauller Streams;
Waes me, ſays ane o' them to th'ither,
How mean and ſilly live we, Brither?
Beneath the Moon is ought ſae poor,
Regarded leſs, or mair obſcure!
We breath indeed, and that's juſt a',
But forc'd by Deſtiny's hard Law
On Earth like Worms to creep and ſprawl;
Curſt Fate to ane that has a Saul!
Forby, gin we may trow Report,
In *Nilus* Giant *Lizards* Sport,
Ca'd *Crocodiles*,---- Ah! had I been
Of ſic a ſize, upon the Green,
Then might I had my Skair of Fame,
Honour, Reſpect and a great Name,

And *Man* with gaping Jaws have ſhor'd,
Syn like a Pa-god been ador'd.

Ah Friend, replies the ither *Lizard*,
What makes this grumbling in thy Gizzard?
What Cauſe have ye to be uneaſy,
Cannot the Sweets of Freedom pleaſe ye?
We free frae Trouble, Toil or Care,
Enjoy the Sun, the Earth and Air;
The chryſtal Spring, and green Wood ſhaw,
And beildy Holes, when Tempeſts blaw.
Why ſhou'd we fret, look blae or wan,
Who were contemn'd by paughty Man?
If ſae, let's in Return be wiſe,
And that proud Animal deſpiſe.

O fy! returns th' ambitious Beaſt,
How weak a Fire now warms thy Breaſt?
It breaks my Heart to live ſae mean,
I'd like t'attract the Gazer's Een,
And be admir'd, what ſtately Horns
The *Deer*'s majeſtick Brows adorn;

He

He claims our Wonder and our Dread,
Where e'r he heaves his haughty Head:
What Envy a' my Spirit fires
When he in cleareſt Pools admires
His various Beauties with Delyte,
I'm like to drown my ſell with Spite.
Thus he held forth,—— when ſtraight a Pack
Of *Hounds*, and *Hunters* at their Back,
Ran down a *Deer* before their Face,
Breathleſs and wearied with the Chace:
The Dogs upon the Victim ſeiſe,
And Bougles ſound his Obſequies.
But neither *Men* nor Dogs took tent
Of our wee *Lizards* on the Bent,
While hungry *Bawty*, *Buff* and *Tray*
Devour'd the Paunches of the Prey.

Soon as the bloody Deed was paſt,
The *Lizard* wiſe the proud addreſt,
Dear Couſin now pray let me hear
How wad ye like to be a *Deer*?

Ohon! quoth he, convinc'd and wae,
Wha wad have thought it anes a Day!
Well, be a private Life my Fate,
I'll never envy mair the Great;
That we are little Fowk that's true,
But ſae's our Cares and Dangers too.

Mercury *in Queſt of Peace.*

FABLE XII.

The Gods cooſt out, as Story gaes,
Some being Friends, ſome being Faes,
To Men in a beſieged City,
Thus ſome frae Spite, and ſome frae Pity,
Stood to their Point with canker'd Strictneſs,
And leſtna ither in Dogs Likeneſs.
Juno ca'd *Venus* Whore and Bawd,
Venus ca'd *Juno* ſcauldin Jad,
E'en cripple *Vulcan* blew the Low,
Apollo ran to bend his Bow,
Dis ſhook his Fork, *Pallas* her Shield,
Neptune his Grape began to weild.

Wha

What Plague, cries *Jupiter*, Heh hoy!
Maun this Town prove anither *Troy*?
What will you ever be at Odds,
'Till Mankind think us fooliſh Gods?

Hey! Miſtreſs *Peace*, make Haſte,---- appear ----
But Madam was nae there to hear:
Come, *Hermes*, wing thy Heels and Head,
And find her out with a' thy Speed,
Trowth this is bonny Wark indeed.

Hermes obeys, and ſtaptna ſhort,
But flies directly to the *Court*;
For ſure thought he ſhe will be found,
Or that fair complimenting Ground
Where Praiſes and Embraces ran
Like current Coin 'tween Man and Man.
But ſoon alake he was beguil'd!
And fand that Courtiers only ſmil'd,
And with a formal Flat'ry treat ye,
That they mair ſickerly might cheat ye;
Peace was na there, nor e'er cou'd dwell,
Where hidden Envy makes a Hell.

NIEST to the Ha', where Juſtice ſtands
With Sword and Ballance in her Hands,
He flew—— no that he thought to find her
Between th' Accuſer and Defender;
But ſure he thought to find the Wench
Amang the Fowk that fill the Bench;
Sae muckle Gravity and Grace
Appear'd in ilka Judge's Face:
Even here he was deceiv'd again,
For ilka Judge ſtack to his ain
Interpretation of the Law,
And vex'd themſells with Had and Draw.

FRAE thence he flew ſtraight to the *Kirk*,
In this he prov'd as daft a Stirk,
To look for Peace, where never three
In ev'ry Point cou'd e'er agree;
Ane his ain Gate explain'd a Text
Quite contrair to his Nighbour next,
And teughly toolied Day and Night,
To gar Believers trow them right.

THEN fair ſhe ſigh'd, —— where can ſhe be——
Well thought —— the Univerſity,
Science is ane theſe maun agree.
Then did he bend his Strides right clever,
But is as far miſtane as ever;
For here Contention and ill Nature
Had runkl'd ilka learned Feature,
Ae Party ſtood for antient Rules,
Anither ca'd the Antients Fools;
Here ane wad ſet his Shanks aſpar,
And rooſe the *Man* ſang *Troy* War,
Anither ca's him *Robin Kar*.

WELL, ſhe's no here —— away he flies
To ſeek her amangſt Families;
Toot, what ſhou'd ſhe do there I wonder?
Dwells ſhe with matrimonial Thunder,
Where Mates, ſome greedy, ſome deep Drinkers
Contend with thriftleſs Mates or Jinkers?
This ſays 'tis Black, and that wi' Spite
Stifly mantains, and threeps 'tis white,

Weary'd at laſt, quoth he, let's ſee
How Branches with their Stocks agree;
But here he fand ſtill his Miſtake,
Some Parents cruel were, ſome weak;
While Bairns ungrateful did behave,
And wiſh'd their Parents in the Grave.

Has *Jove* then ſent me amang thir Fowk,
Cry'd *Hermes* here to hunt the Gowk?
Well, I have made a waly Round
To ſeek what is na to be found;
Juſt on the Wing---- towards a Burn
A wee piece aff his Looks did turn,
There *Miſtreſs* Peace he chanc'd to ſee
Sitting her lane beneath a Tree;
And have I found ye at the laſt?
He cry'd aloud, and held her faſt.
Here I reſide, quoth ſhe, and ſmil'd,
With an auld *Hermite* in this Wild.
Well, Madam, ſaid he, I perceive
That ane may lang your Preſence crave,
And miſs ye ſtill---- but this ſeems plain
To have ye, ane maun be alane.

The Spring and the Syke.

FABLE XI.

FED by a living Spring a Rill
Flow'd eaſily adown a Hill;
A thouſand Flowers upon its Bank
Flouriſh'd ſu' Fair, and grew right Rank:
Near to its Courſe a *Syke* did ly,
Whilk was in Summer aften dry,
And ne'er recover'd Life again,
But after ſoaking Showers of Rain;
Then wad he ſwell, look Big and Spruſh,
And o'er his Margine proudly guſh,
Ae Day after great Waughts of Weet,
He with the Chryſtal Current met,
And ran him down with unco' Din,
Said he, How poorly does thou rin?
See with what State I daſh the Brae,
Whilſt thou canſt hardly make thy Way.

THE *Spring* with a Superior Air,
Said, Sir, Your Brag gives me nae Care;

For

For ſoon's ye want your Foreign Aid,
Your paughty Cracks will ſoon be laid,
Frae my ain Head I have ſupply,
But you muſt borrow elſe rin dry.

The daft Bargain.

TALE I.

AT Market anes, I watna how
Twa Herds between them coft a Cow,
Driving her Hame, the needfu' *Hacky*
But Ceremony chanc'd to K——,
Quoth *Rab* right ravingly to *Raff*,
Gin ye'll eat that digeſted Draf,
Of *Crummy*, I ſhall quat my Part, ——
A Bargain bee't with 'a' my Heart.
Raff ſoon reply'd and lick'd his Thum
To gorble't up without a Gloom;
Syne till't he fell, and ſeem'd right yap
His Mealtith quickly up to gawp;
Haff done his Heart began to ſcunner,
But lootna on till *Rab* ſtrak under.
Wha fearing Skair of Cow to tine,
At his daft Bargain did repine.

Well

Well, well, quoth *Raff*, though ye was raſh,
I'll ſcorn to wrang ye ſenſeleſs Haſh,
Come ſa' to Wark as I ha'e done,
And eat the ither Haff as ſoon,
Ye's ſave ye'r Part. —— Content quoth *Rab*. ——
And ſlerg'd the reſt o't in his Gab:
Now what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly ſeen, My Story's done.
Yet frae this Tale Confed'rate States may learn
To ſave their Cow, and yet no eat her Sharn.

The twa Cut-Purſes.

TALE II.

IN Borrowſtown there was a Fair,
And mony a Landart Coof was there;
Baith Lads and Laſſes buſked brawly,
To glowr at ilka Bonny-waly,
And lay out ony ora Bodles
On ſma Gimcracks that pleas'd their Nodles,
Sic as a Jocktaleg, or Sheers,
Confeckit Ginger, Plums or Pears.

THESE gaping Gowks twa Rogues ſurvey,
And on their Caſh this Plot they lay,

The

The tane leſs like a Knave than Fool,
Unbidden claim the high Cockſtool,
And pat his Head and balth his Hands,
Throw Holes where the Ill-Doer ſtands,
Now a' the Crowd with Mouth and Een
Cry'd out, What does the Idiot mean?
They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
And never thought upon a Trick,
Till he beneath had done his Job,
By tooming Poutches of the Mob,
Wha now poſſeſt of Rowth of Gear
Scour'd aff as lang's the Coſt was clear.

But wow the Ferly quickly chang'd,
When throw their empty Pobs they rang'd;
Some girn'd, and ſome look'd blae wi' Grief,
While ſome cry'd out, *Fy had the Thief.*
But ne'er a Thief or Thief was there,
Or cou'd be found in a' the Fair.
The Jip wha ſtood aboon them a'
His Innocence began to ſhaw,
Said he, My Friends, I'm very ſorry
To hear your Melancholy Story:
But ſure what e'er your Tinſel be,
Ye canna lay the Wyte on me.

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